

talked with the little fellow who had not joined in the games. He patted him on the shoulder and said: "Willie, I am glad I met you. Write me a letter now and then, and I will find time to answer." Before they parted he gave the boy a coin.

A few weeks later a great political campaign was on. The governor was making his greatest fight. His every move was watched by his enemies, and his strength was taxed to the utmost. It was the turning point in his career. He was not fighting for self alone, for an army of followers had cast their fortunes with him.

After the battle, while the votes were being counted, the candidate for re-election sought rest and solitude in his private office waiting for returns from outlying districts. His fate would be known by midnight. If the election went against him he would be ruined. He had neglected his business interests; his health was broken; and his private fortune had been swept away.

At last the message came. He placed the receiver to his ear and heard the word, "Defeated." The nerves of steel relaxed, and a queer light came into the tired eyes. He opened a drawer in the desk before him and taking out a revolver, eyed the instrument of death.

He cast a lingering look about him. His glance was attracted by an envelope lying unopened among his papers. It was small and soiled. He tore it open and a parcel fell to the floor. He

stooped and picked it up. Done up in a piece of brown paper was a coin. He opened the letter and read the rough scrawl:

"Dear Governor: This is from Willie. I wanted to send you something, and all I have is the coin you gave me a year ago. It will help you to remember me. I may not be here when you come again, as I heard the doctor whisper to the nurse that I would not live long; but I am glad and thankful for every day. I often wished I might become a great and brave man like you. I am in bed all the time now, but I am very happy because everybody is so kind."

Tears gathered in the eyes of the defeated candidate. He quickly placed the gun back in the drawer. Then he stood erect and the old gleam of courage came back into his eyes. He wrapped the coin in the piece of brown paper, and placing it in the corner of his wallet, walked from the room to meet the world again, his face flooded with peace and happiness.

The coin was the beginning of a new hope which in future years blossomed into renewed greatness and success.

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He—I can tell a woman's age no matter how old she is.

She—What a brute you must be?

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The methodical fellow who keeps an umbrella at the office and one at home is always half way down town when the rain begins.